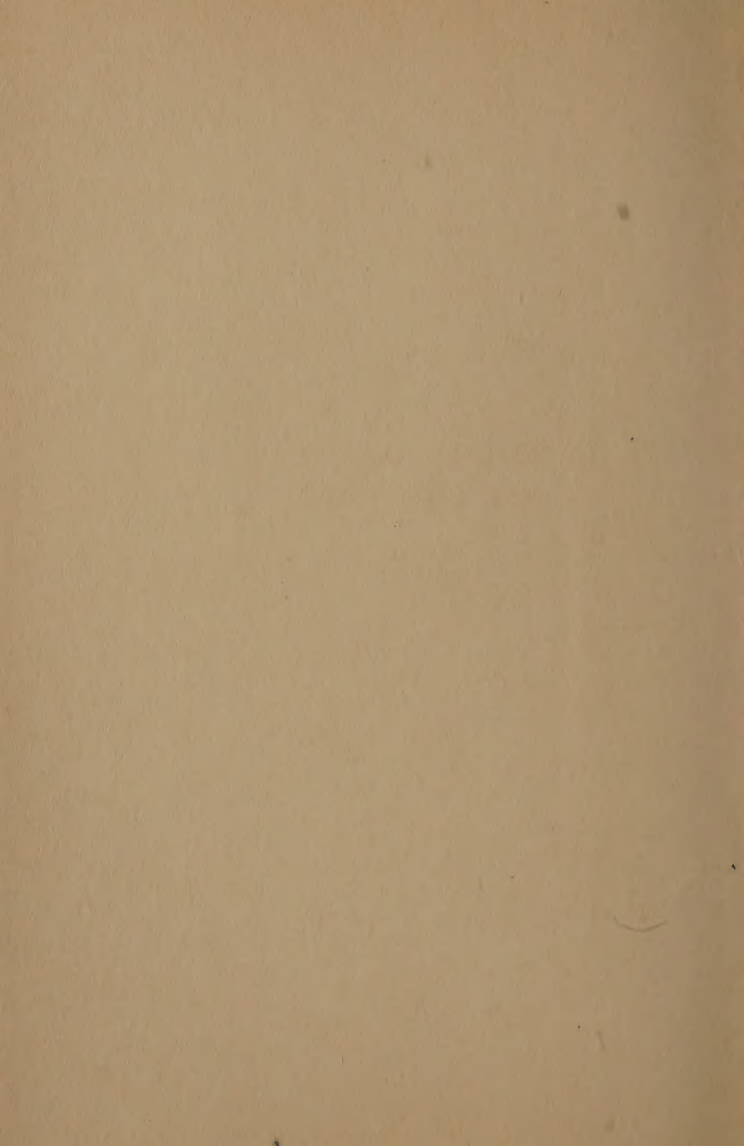


IN THE SHALLOW
OF MY THOUGHT

ALLAN FARBER



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MY THOUGHT

In the Shallow of My Thought

by

ALLAN FARBER

GEORGE DOBSEVAGE

NEW YORK

1930

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to
MY FATHER

FOREWORD

The writer, under stress,^{*} discovered one day, much to his chagrin, that he had become pregnant with an idea. After a period littered with virgin effort, the conception which is herein bred was born into this world with only an idiotic whimper.

It is with a deep note of subservience that we ask our readers to accept the imbecile thrust upon them. If, in the course of things, this perverted child of fancy may open new avenues of thought, we shall rest in remorseful solitude, fully cognizant of the fact that this world is "going to the dogs" after all.

PREFACE

The Island of Manhattan being somewhat removed from the mainland of North America, it devolves upon a citizen of the constituency, and not of one of the provinces, to speak in a tone of authority anent these United States of ours and other lesser spots on this filthy orbit. Being rather cosmopolitan on account of our nearness to Harrison, a pretty little retreat in New Jersey, the writer has endeavored to embrace a wide range of subject matter, and leave the reader with an impressionistic itching or etching—as you will.

In the scope of the atrocity which meekly follows, we have attempted to lay bare certain facts and realities as they are, and if not, as they should be. It is our aim, by the token of this volume, to cater to the masses as well as to the classes.

Everything herein contained is within the reach of any brain, no matter how slightly creased, while the glossary of terms which brings up the rear will, we hope, prove a ready aid at mental digestion.

This work has in nowise been seeded with malice, for we are sincerely averse to this form of diet. Neither do we believe in platonic friendship, but whatever be our creed, may we wish our readers happy moments, at least a couple of them, in the perusal of this book.

THE AUTHOR.

Newark, N. J.

Dec. 6, 1929.

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THE STALL OF THE ROMAN
EMPIRE

THE STALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

THAT luke - warm conflagration which had whipped the township of Rome into a series of flaming embers at a time when Nero * had seen fit to embark upon a musical career, had, nevertheless, been second in glamor and in lustre to that festive wedding occasion at which a handsome dowry and Calpurnia* had been given in marriage to Cæsar. Calpurnia, the most comely twig of her family tree, had been the branch which Cæsar had selected as his tramping staff on life.

Their early romance was an Odyssey * seeded with a warmth and a beauty, that had been resplendent in its resemblance to a rested pimple,*—it did not matter; while the little tales of sweet nothings, which Julius had whispered into the attentive ears of his potential spouse, were

* Denotes reference to Addenda.

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wealthy in their empty fullness. The week-ends were little journeys about the local countryside, and the sandwiches which Calpurnia had always constructed were devoured without recourse by Cæsar. Motor trips to secluded nooks had bred a love that had craved expression under the cloak and sanctity of a legalized union. Bathed in the dew of grassy dells, and fortified with a copy of "The Well of Loneliness,"* Julius and Calpurnia had spent sultry moments reading amid sheaf-like reeds, and had wondered and wondered.

Then came the war. From out of the west the distant rumble of enemy artillery had become more and more distinct. The province of Gaul,* which had been divided into three parts, had begun to give vent in triplicate to its unquenched ambitions. The Gallic forces had risen en masse against the Roman hordes, while the call to arms had shattered the serenity of the most prosaic spots in Rome. In the midst of his readings, came the

death-knell of peace, and Cæsar, creasing the corner of page sixty-seven, and bidding his flame, "so long," had enlisted his faculties in the service of Rome, and had soon shoved off from the Port * of Naples on a Mediterranean cruise to Gaul.

A most compelling application to the art of forced marches, and a careless disregard of the life mortality tables * had labelled Cæsar as a mighty foe-man, and, within a short time, his rise had dazzled the world beyond belief. Beaten into submission by this brilliant Roman candle, Gaul had gradually fallen prey to the will of Julius Cæsar, and Cæsar, aided and abetted by his able lieutenant, Pompey, who had formerly eked out a living wage as an Apache dancer along the lanes of Montmartre, had soon laid waste to the monarchy of Gaul, and had forthwith returned to Rome to assert his prior claim to the key of the city.*

Cæsar's triumphant home-coming had been signalized by a flaring screech of in-

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considerate sirens* which had insisted upon disturbing the quietude of a busy wave-length. The municipal tug, *Macom*,* had been held in readiness to carry Cæsar to Rome,—there to receive the plaudits of the seething populace,—a populace whose greatest forte had laid in its ability to shower ticker tape on conquering heroes, channel swimmers* and dirigible stowaways.

But Cæsar, patterned after the lines of Charlie Lindbergh,* that fellow who had gone from New York to Paris, and who had been very much up in the air while en route, had refused to be swayed by the adoration of the crowd, but had proceeded to search for his little “Calpy,” who had since removed from her former address. And true to an innate intuition, he had found her in that grassy patch where he and she had spent such joyous moments. In the shadows of the gaunt-like hills, lordling the rolling and fertile plains, had Cæsar pledged himself to Calpurnia, and she, in order to add truth

to conjecture, had executed an affidavit depicting her father's wealth. In the shade afforded by a sheltering oak, and cooled by the magnanimous breezes which had wafted their tresses across the ranging meadows, had the two lovers schemed their lives and "seered" their future.

The digression * ended, the beginning of our story stands out once more, as the guests had begun to arrive one by one, or two by two, to bear witness to the ritual, wherein "Julie" and "Calpy" were to play the leading rôles. Making doubly certain not to miss the feast of the fest, a young couple named, Mr. and Mrs. James J. Tunney,* who had summered nearby, at the docile island of Brioni, had been amongst the early customers.

Mrs. Galli-Curci * and her other half, Mr. Galli-Curci, whose maiden name had been Homer Samuels, had also been announced at an early hour, so as to allow the nightingale and her nesting mate the

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opportunity for rehearsal of that faithless aria, "O Promise Me."

At the very last moment, Brutus * had telegraphed his regrets, stating, to the chagrin of Cæsar, that he had outgrown his tuxedo and would therefore be unable to attend. Will Rogers * had crashed the gate to ascertain whether or not Roman senators had anything in common with the Congressmen on the other side of the pond, and, as expected, had found the Italian legislators woefully lacking, too. Cassius, who had been selected to sport the toga * of the best man, had, at the direction of his valet, declined the fiction simply because there was not one swallow-tail coat in all of Rome that would have fitted his swan-like form, and, in addition, a winged collar would most likely have wilted under the strain of his double chin.

The wedding procession was a panorama of ornate and lavish beauty. Led by the youthful George Bernard Shaw,* who had enacted the part of ring bearer,

the pageant had unfurled itself in an elongated sequence of splendor. Lady Macbeth, in company with Lady Duff Gordon, the cutest little flower girls ever, had littered the enchanted walk with a scented nosegay of sweet peas and green peas.

The ceremony was quite an ordinary one, marked with a real simplicity. Josef Rosenblatt, a budding cantor, had put the whole proceeding to music, and his rendition of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Honey" was nonpareil. The food and service came up to, and surpassed, all expectations. A group of waiters, conscripted from a New York local, had put their short-order house experience to worth-while use, and had served the hash with a feigned servility.

The festivities ran on until the wee-wee hours of the morning. In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Cæsar had departed from the gala occasion, and had left for England, there to board the *Majestic* for Chinatown, in New York,

where the couple had planned to spend a quiet honeymoon.

The stall of the Roman Empire was complete. With Cæsar gone, nothing else mattered. Peace, which was despicable to the Romans, had enveloped Rome in its throes, and conditions in general were not going over with a bang. Cæsar and his wife had later returned, and had forthwith disported themselves to their little pent-house,* atop the Neopolitan apartments, which was then the most outstanding tenement in the Capital City. Avoiding the limelight and shunning his friends, Julius Cæsar had apparently retired from active life, until a certain Swissman, named Orgetorix* had inspired the Helvetians with a criminal intent, with the result that Rome was stirred to action once more,—but that is a different story.

THE MARCH OF THE HELVE-
TIAN—A SWISS MOVEMENT

THE MARCH OF THE HELVE- TIANS—A SWISS MOVEMENT

THE combined folly of two ordinary mortals, who might have known better, had evolved itself into an equation which had resulted in Orgetorix. Born of a gypsy mother, dreadfully afflicted with kleptomania, as most gypsies are, and inspired by a father who had spent dark and drab days while nursing Bright's Disease,* Orgetorix had come into this world as an unwelcome token of a joint indiscretion.* Boasting of a heritage that had smacked of unwilful larceny, and an organic disorder which had threatened gall-stones, Orgetorix had, nevertheless, prospered on the wings of health-giving years, and this, together with an internal application of Nuxated Iron,* had elevated him to a normalcy,* haunted only by a touch of that arid affliction known as asthma.*

The province of Helvetia had, by rea-

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son of its geographical position, been a bane in the existence of the Roman land and naval forces. Situated midway between that thriving community of Gaul, which had, some years before the advent of Cæsar, set up a commission form of government,* and that militant empire of Rome, Helvetia was in a position that had beckoned trespass, for it had already been a matter of common knowledge that the Romans had cast amorous glances in the general direction of the three parts of Gaul. And so it came to pass that at about the time that Cæsar was courting Calpurnia, Orgetorix had been graduated with honors from Edinburgh University* where he had, during his four and one-half years' stay, imbibed a bit of Scotch, and upon returning to Helvetia, had been mortified to learn that the Romans had entrenched themselves firmly in his homeland.

The advent of the Romans came as an obstacle to the life of Helvetia. The province, which had only recently in-

stalled an electrified transit system, had become unduly hampered in its operation due to the Latin custom of waging forced marches on the public highway. Littered in the wake of Cæsar's success, had been strewn the remnants of Orgetorix's defending troupe which had suddenly become panicky with stage fright. Orgetorix, himself, being a fraternity man,* had believed in the doctrine of "preservation is the first law of nature," and had retreated to a vacation at a lofty perch in the Alpine Mountains.

In the meantime, Julius Cæsar, the parsimonious cuss that he was, had begun to take inventory of his newly acquired real estate holdings, and had fostered the Rotary Club * in order to have somebody "foot" the expense of a "welcome" sign at the gates of the province. Under the regime of Cæsar, Helvetia had now begun to prosper. Joseph P. Day * had been summoned from the comfort of his Short Hills nest for the purpose of appraising the worth of this new Helvetia,

which had come to be known as Switzerland, due to a certain dairy product which had been encouraged there.

Lee DeForest,* the gent who had added refined touches to static, had arrived in Switzerland with a view toward establishing the radio industry in that country, and, aided by the moral stimulus of Cæsar, had commenced extensive drilling operations while looking for grid-leaks.* Station W.E.A.F., upon information and belief, had established a wireless station at Geneva, due to the high standard of deportment which had been imputed to Helvetian static. The Happiness Boys,* Ernie Hare and Billy Jones, were received rather warmly after an American public had turned "cold" on them after a seven year period of diversified commendation and condemnation.

Although he had been fully occupied in the promotion of this, his most recent and most important project, Cæsar had considered it his earthen-bound duty to write to his Calpurnia ever so seldom.

Reassured on account of the international reputation by which the world had known her, Cæsar had had the most implicit faith in the chosen theory that had painted his wife in saintly colors, and this, together with her insistent failure to indorse even one cake of Life Buoy Soap,* had left her the godly and isolated creature that she was—above reproach and beyond approach.

The dough-boys of Cæsar's advance column had found a rather charmed amusement in and about Geneva. Various winter sports: such as hockey, toboggan-riding and ski-jumping had occupied the spare moments attendant, while the spirit lagged. Pompey, who had been quite a marksman with the Winchester,* had proved himself equally as adept with the puck, and ere the invasion against Orgetorix had had its curfew, the New York Rangers* had purchased him unconditionally,—this man who was the right hand of Cæsar, and had had him converted into a left wing.

Basking in a pigment of snow-white beauty, Cæsar had taken on a delightful coat of tan, and might have easily passed as a Pennsylvania Red Cap, but, unfortunately, Julius had never made it a habit to carry baggage. Cantering through the snow-laden woodland had made him more appreciative of forest-lore, and the repugnant memory of the thought that he had never been a boy scout gripped him and gnawed in fiendish fashion on the tender emotions that were his heart strings.

Max Oser,* who had been a struggling stableman until he had become closely interested in the McCormick reaper* and vitally related to its trade name, had struck up a lasting friendship with Cæsar, in spite of the fact that the latter had possessed Helvetia, for Max, due to his beastly intuition and equine association, had become the proud parent of more than an ordinary amount of horse sense, and so had not begrudged the Romans their new hereditaments.

The early spring, reminiscent of the commencement of the Hudson River Day-Line Excursions, had borne witness to the complete downfall of Orgetorix. The Romans had captured his most treacherous outposts, had destroyed his secondary defense and had toppled him from off of Hill #77 in the Forest of St. Mihiel to further emphasize the disaster.

The total defeat of Orgetorix was now inevitable. The retreat of the Helvetians had been a march seeded with many regrets, but in line with the movement was born a tempo that languished with the beat of an even rhythm,—a staccato that refused to be squelched; the march of beaten, but haughty feet:—beat, beat, beat,—the Swiss movement as the world first came to know it, and which has since been condensed to the size of a vest pocket, keeping time with the spirit of the ages from off the tail end of a watch chain.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA
—WITH A HEBREW ACCENT

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA —WITH A HEBREW ACCENT

LADIS end youse guys:—
Ve ah ull lievieng iet in a time
frum edgucashunel onrest, voiking hard
ta loin tiengs vhat ese end vhat aint.
Queckshuns gedder on ah ear-drums
vvhich makes muzick, but vvat briengs no
harmony. Pieples vants ta no diffrents
tiengs, vvhich dey vood like ta no, but yet
don't no iet. Da follovieng rieddles ah
but a few frum da vons vvhich remain on-
ansered:—vvhich herrieng * da ya tienk
vill cost ha much?—Frum vvat state ese
New Joisey * da kepital uf?—Ef en epple
end a haf costs a cent end a haf, ha long
vill it take a mosquito mid a broke vieng
ta fly acrost da Otlentic Olshun? *—End
ef en undergrond train guz fiefty miles
en our, ha much duz a subvay? * I'll
betcha ya don't no, but a sub veighs tree
ton,—upton, donton end da Brunx.*

Efter vorryieng over dese queckshuns,

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ve kin see dat dere ese some tiengs in dis voild which ve kin not accout far, end kippieng dis in mind, I vish ta brieng iet bafor ya eyes dis vondaful, movvelous, butaful end megificent wolume which I heve cumpiled here. I heve put it tagedder en oncyklopedio which ese von from ull of dem foist cless. Enytieng vhat ya don't no, jest look far iet in here, end maybe ya voodn't find iet. On iets pages ah piectures, voids, sentences, pairagrafs, end some more piectures. Dis oncyklopedio ese yet bedder den da Oncyklopedio Britennica, end ese more compect den a venity case.

Toining ta page sixty-seven, ve ah plenly told dat Columbus ese not in Indiena.* No, far sure not; he's in his grave, ded end berried a long time alreddy. Putting ah fienger on page von hundred end toity-nine, ve ah told vhy zo meny men ah soffring mid hay-fever; dats because dey ese goin odd mid gress vidows. Goieng on a liettle funder ve find dat da kepital uf da United States ese not in

Vashington; *—no, sure not,—iets ull in Europe, end God unly noes vhen dere goin ta pay iet beck.

Cummieng ta da commencement from da book, ve kin make a qvick kelqulashun frum ull uf da visdom vhat ese in dere occording ta da olfabet. Toinieng ta A, ve find dat under A ve heve da follavieng toims listed:—a malted mielk, ax-lex,* Axcuse me, end arenges, A malted mielk, iet sez it in da book, ese a white mielky beveredge vhat costs fiefteen cents, (twenty cents mid en egg), end vvhich ese cumposed uf a liettle bit frum mielk, a liettle bit frum tzocholot sirrup, a liettle bit frum malt, end a holl lot from foam. Da mielk cums frum a cow, da malt cums frum a brewery, da tzocholot sirrup cums frum tzocholot, end da foam cums frum da mielk, malt, end tzocholot sirrup.

Ax-lex ah smoll teblets vvhich heve da same kerecteristicks frum a nite vatchman; dey bote voik vvhile ya slippieng. Axcuse-me ese a toim used far gettieng us odd uf hot vater vhen ve heve nocked

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udder pieples cold. Arenges ah smoll yellow fruchts frum vvhich ah obtained arengeade, arengine, East Arenge, Sout Arenge, Vest Arenge, end arenge blossoms.

Rullieng da page over ve cum ta B. Under B ve heve Bolls-Rolls,* end beans, end B. Altman & Co.* Bolls-Rolls ese sometieng like Rolls-Royces insofar es Rolls-Royces run ya arond. Beans owe dere boit end arigin ta da Boston beaneries, end ah fond in bean soup end in bean begs. B. Altman & Co. ese a large apotment store on Fift Evena, vell none far ladis occessories.

Livieng dis group, ve now cum ta C. Under C ve heve crepplich, cosha, Coons, Cikes & Catolics, Csiecagi, end Czincian-nopolis. Crepplish end cosha ah daliechious dieshes vvhich vas invented in Eyre-land, but da Jews bought odd da pattent. Coons, Cikes & Catolics ese a newly foamed horgenization ta show da Q. Klucks Clen dat ull God's chieldun got viengs. Csiecagi ese a ciety in Illinoise,

end Czinciannepolis ese a ciety in Indiana; da only rieson far vhy I put dem in, ese ta show dat I no my hiestory.

Skippieng over D end skippieng over E far da present ve now cum ta F. Here ve heve fonografs, fotografs, fotoplays end fotoplayers. Mid fonografs ull vhat ya heve ta do ese to stieck dem mid a needle end dey led odd butaful, movvelous, megnificent end sveet chommieng sonds. Fotografs ah dose tiengs vvhich reflect evrytieng on a peace uf sellaloid end paper vvhich cair ta be reflected. Fotoplays end fotoplayers go vell togedder; on account uf da fotoplays da fotoplayers make a gud liebieng, end on account uf da fotoplayers ve heve been seeieng some putty rotten fotoplays here lately.

Under G da foist voids vvhich meets my lemps ese 'go van,'—so I vill. Under-neat H ve heve hell-vah, Herrison, Heinz, end herrieng. Hell-vah ese sometieng gud ta eat, vvhich looks like saw-dust vhen ya chew iet op; dat ese saw-dust vvhich hes bien layieng arond far two days enyhoo.

Harrison ese a smoll ton aboud von-haf mile frum Newark; end vere iet eight hondred end eighty yards frum da Gulden Gate Harbur, den iet vood be aboud von-haf mile frum Sen Frencisco. Heinz ese da guy vhat balieves variety ese da spice frum life, end he balieves iet in fiefty-seven diffrents ways. Herriengs ah dose fiesh vchich heve put iet da soda vater biezzness on a high scale, end stiell ah continowieng ta makieng da pieples toistay.

Cummieng ta I, ve find dat under da eyes ve heve da nose end ulso da mout. Ef ya don't balieve iet, den shot op. Liv-ieng J end livieng K far da present, ve vill ull go ta L. In hell ve heve pluto vater end da Four Horsemen frum da Apopacolypsis. Pawheps ya heve uften vondered vhy da devil was put iet on a bottle frum pluto vater;—vell, he's unly dere ta scere da food frum odd uf ya. Uf da Four Horsemen,—ull I kin say ese dat dey ah too doity ta be delt mid, so I vash my hends frum dem.

Jompieng over M ve arrive at N, end since ve heve "nottieng" under N, ve vill derefore go ta O. Here ve heve O'Malley, O'Brien, O'Sullivan end Oh Henry.* Da foist tree ah Irishmen end da fort von ese a peace uf cendy. Edvencieng to P, da foist voids vvhich strikes my gaze ese "procid," vvhich I em doieng. Pieckieng op da page, ve find dat under Q ve heve da Q. Klucks Clen,* vvhich reminds me a hole lot frum my tonsils;—dey ah bote a pain in da neck.

Livieng odd R end goieng ta S, ve heve dere da follovieng:—school, sealieng, sinnamon, end sychology. School ese jest like a game frum dice. Ya cum or ya don't cum. Ef ya cum ya pess, end ef ya don't cum ya ah crep odd uf luck. A sealieng ese dat vvhich ese placed above us ta kip da roof frum faulieng don on ah heds. Sinnamon ese jest like pepper sience iet makes ya ta sneeze, but den agen iet ese diffrents frum pepper vhen ya ah not tinkieng aboud da szeezieng pot uf dem. Sychology ese diffrents den physiology,

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end hes got ta do nottieng mid biology, but geology end zoology kent ride a bicycle ieder.

In T da sense ese very viek, so I vill now run over to U, which stends far ull youse, end sience I do not vish ta dwell on pieples siettieng don, I vill now run over ta W. Under W ve heve W. J. Z.* end da vild vomen's cabaret. Von ese a vireless place end da udder ese a reckless place. Under X ve diescover Chriestmas, kiesses, votes end xercise. Chriestmas or X-mas ese da time vhen Senta Claus cums don trew da shimihney, stiels ull da silvervare, end guz odd tæw da vindow. Kiesses mey be hard ta get, but vhen dey cum at da end frum a letter, end essume da foam uf en X, ve find dat dey ah checked uff very easily. Even votes essume da foam uf en X, end da soczialists * ah vaiting far enuff uf dese crosses ta occumolate, so dat dey vill get von electorel vote at da next presidenshill alecshun. Xercise mey be da best diet, but,

occordieng to my bok frum superfluous nolledge, ice-crim cons tastes bedder.

Livieng dis bunch ve go ta Y, end here ve find ysperagus end yachna; * da fowmer ese a grin wegetoble, end da ledder ese a grin horn; end, in concludieng dis harrengement, ve cum ta Z, end under Z ve find zoup, end goieng beck ta da Y far da ysperagus, end cummieng beck ta da Z far da zoup, ve now heve ysperagus zoup.

Ladis end genteleit:—iets no use ta tolk iet eny funder. I got iet here en hartiecle vvhich no home shud be mid odd. Ef ya aint got no room far iet in da libarery case, kip iet in da medicene chest, but, above ull, remember dat ya frends juge ya by da litriture vvhich ya read, end so, in udder ta show dem da vay da subjeck stends in da minds frum youse pieples sittieng don, don't faget ta buy en hamalgemated oncylopedio uf America end Joisey Ciety; da price ese sixty-tree cents, end da line foams on da rite. Don't poosh, pliz.

PRINCE HAMLET—A GREAT
DANE

PRINCE HAMLET—A GREAT DANE

YOUNG HAMLET,* the heir apparent to the Danish throne, was a dark horse who had spent his wakeless moments in prancing about with nightmares.* Born into a regal family, aflame with discord, the growing prince had consistently enacted the rôle of the retiring lad in the royal flush.* His mother was a scheming dame who had one day married the old man simply on a royalty basis, and had dedicated the next day, and the years thereafter, in a conscientious attempt to modify the divorce laws of Denmark, so as to construe tonsilitis * as a meritorious and legal ground, for she "hadn't another thing" on the old gent.

Failing in her attempt at legislation, and fretting at the drab bleakness of the castle, the queen, as a means toward a better end, had advertised for a boarder, in order to break the dull monotony of a

kingdom which, besides herself, had consisted of a melancholy prince, and a father who had precipitated this condition. Clipping the advertisement from a newspaper, and seeking priority by dint of kinship, a brother of the king had entered his sealed bid, and had had the same accepted. The king, as altruistic a gentleman as had ever lived, had tendered his brother the unrestricted freedom of the castle and its environs, never suspecting that the latter had been in favor of usurping the royal power to his own gain and profit.

The queen, having tired of being in bed with tonsilitis, had now begun to see in the king's brother the latent image of John Gilbert.* Little conversations had wormed themselves into clandestine meetings, the meetings had led to love trysts, the trysts to glaring indiscretions, and finally as an ultimate achievement, murder with premeditation and malice aforethought had been planned and schemed

in a little grove of canteloupe * trees on the outskirts of the castle garden.

And so on Christmas Eve, at about the same year that Sir Galahad * had searched rather copiously for the Holy Grail,* the consort of the queen, disguised as Santa Claus,* had pried into the royal bedroom, and had given the king a sword with the season's greetings, but, in order to make certain that the instrument would not go astray, had left it sticking in His Majesty's gizzard. Scotland Yard * operatives, having been called into the case, had attributed the homicide to Kris Kringle, but, upon heeding the pleas of thousands of kiddies, had allowed the public benefactor to go scot free.

In the meantime, Hamlet, touched by the death of his father, and swayed by the decision of his sweetheart, Ophelia,* who had abandoned him entirely, had now definitely decided upon a moody and morose career. Being rather aloof in his melancholia, the prince had learned to

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spend the greater part of his time on the roof of the castle, where he had talked with the birds, the bees, that is to say the trees, and one or two mosquitoes.

While so engaged on a rather torrid night, there appeared before the eyes of Hamlet an apparition,* which resembled his father closely, except for the fact that his father had always looked with favor on pajamas, rather than night-gowns. With a twinkle in his eye, and an El Producto * on his lip, did the ghost speak thusly: "Go thou, my child, and have thy vengeance; 'twas thine uncle what did me dirt." And the apparition said no more, for it had flown away, even as the birds, and the trees, that is to say the bees, and one or two mosquitoes. Hamlet, rubbing his eyes in dismay, now awoke to find that his recent visitor was really the counterpart of his father, for as he distinctly remembered the old man used to drop his g's too.

The remainder of the story is trite. Billy Shakespeare,* embracing the

golden strides of his pencil with a sequence equally as ornate, had painted in lavish colors that melodrama, born and bred on a shoreline, haunted by the stench of the salty seas of Denmark and the aroma of other herring more suited to the plebeian palate. From a plot laid in the hamlet of Copenhagen,* had sprung a more animate Hamlet, inclined toward melancholia, but capitalized by the deft touches of Billy the Bard. A Hamlet inspired with an animal instinct in hounding his adversaries to their death with a shrill-like "woof woof." We speak of Prince Hamlet, the great Dane.

THE RETREAT OF THE SEMITES

THE RETREAT OF THE SEMITES

WEEHAWKEN,* the gateway of the Catskills,* nestles rather compactly and contentedly in the lap of a grim, gaunt bulwark of rock. The Palisades,* lording the Hudson* in a tall stately splendor, lend a romantic tradition to the stream, and are weakly challenged by the chaotic bustle of New York and the man-made virtues of Riverside Drive.* Sprouting up from nature's waters, the Jersey hills, fronting the river like a silent barrier, hold their vigil as they tend the course of the water, leaving a solitary and beautiful picture which finds its perspective more than a century of miles away.

And God, thus expending His energies upon this gigantic task, halted as He drank in the fruits of His labors, but man, ever restless and untiring, followed in the wake of this virgin effort, leaving, in addition to the story and the glory of

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the Palisades, a vulcan-like solidity of steel, a staccato hiss of steam, a smoke that comes with progress, industry that thrives on prosperity, and people who mechanically dote on all of these. From out of this maelstrom of organized materialism had grown the town of Weehawken, perched high above the river, but shaping its destinies downward along a winding road, and finding its Utopia * in a maze of ties and tracks, the means wherewith Weehawken has grown to be known and recognized as a railroad center.

Secluded in the bowels * of the hills, in an open abyss of activity, the terminal of the West Shore Railroad Company * lends a volcanic-like aspect to the entire panorama. Locomotives making a noisy debut, or exit quite as vehement; gate-men and conductors lending voice to the stepping stones of the scheduled itinerary; * newsboys briefly sounding the day's events, while inspired by selfish motives; ordinary mortals pleasure bent on

a spasm that comes but once a year; all clash in a grotesque pot-pourri,* leaving, as a net result, a sordid conglomeration of joys and regrets.

In an alar-like appendage,* is the waiting room bounded by the River on the one side,—Old Man River, that artery which drowns its identity in, and merges its existence with, that Big Aorta:—the Bay of New York. On the other side lay the tracks and trains, the sum total of which forms the most valuable asset of the railway trust.

The station is a beehive of eager vacationists; and the waiting room, their mecca. One hundred odd folks, seized by a common urge, alternately and concurrently eye the destination chart and eagerly await that fusion of electricity which must illuminate the itinerary board and denote the starting hour.

Impromptu devised fans, which, but a short time before, had retailed at two cents a piece as the *Forward*,* *Warheit* or *Morning Journal*, had been put to

more perspiring tasks, while fruit leavings here and there bore mute witness to the fact that the meat and gist of the subjects had passed to a great reward.

The concessionaire, who had catered to the epicurean * tastes of innumerable mortals over a period of years, was the cynosure * of less discriminating palates * on this day, and aided and abetted by a muggy heat, was carrying on his business at a handsome profit, dispensing malted milks, orangeades, or what have you, to dozens of parched throats.

A thin and hazy veneer had early that morning heralded a day which had dawned all wrapped up in a thick cloak of humidity. The sun, far removed in a shrouded heaven, beat down a warm tattoo, while the moistness of the atmosphere spelled discomfort in capital letters.

Women, sporting flimsy dresses, and men, bedecked in mohair and in palm beach suits, paced nervously about the room. The breeze which had usually

stirred from the Bay and had been wont to stray northward as far as Weehawken, had this day overslept its chores, failing to waft its tresses across the surface of the water, but instead had continued in its somnolency.

The waiting room, now a veritable oasis * of bustling humanity, had become the center of infant's crys; the wails that betoken an unsated thirst for sodas and the like; and adult complaints that had as their basis the inclement weather.

The grinding sound of approaching wheels; the screech of excess steam struggling for an avenue of egress; the gateman mechanically fondling his ticket puncher; the swirling horde moving toward the turnstiles; a small legend on high now all aglow with "Track 7"; the hoarse vibrant shouts of the gateman, rehearsing his geography lesson in a tired and bored fashion; the station janitor cleaning up under muffled curses; all blending and denoting the fact that the Catskills were not so far off.

As if to emphasize the picture further, a flood of light suddenly whips the destination board into activity, and the municipalities of West Point,* Cornwall, Ellenville, Woodbridge, Mountaintale, Summitville, Fallsburgh,* Luzon, Fernaldale and Liberty stand out in bright letters and in bold relief. The gates are suddenly thrown open, the turnstiles * click, the pushing hordes make real the adjective, the whistle blows, the wheels turn and eager hearts beat happily in exuberant anticipation of joyous days at Fallsburgh in the Catskills—the retreat of the Semites.*

A HEBREW DICTATE

A HEBREW DICTATE

OH Suzzie, horry op, pliz; ketch iet a peace uf penciel end paper, end I vill tell ya a ledder vhat ta rite far me. Ya god iet da instruments?—yes!—den bagien iet da ledder.

“My dear Mr. Small”—Small ya spell iet mid en s-m-a-end mid en-l- two times, end efter dot dont farget ta make iet two periods—von on top uf da udder; end den a long line ta shaw dat I’m not done mid him; unly jest bagienieng.

Ull rite, ya god iet dat Suzzie?—yes!—den bagen da ledder—“Foist uf ull,” comma,* “let me say dat yore name fiets ya sometieng butaful,” period. Suzzie, better arase da period; far da money vhat it costs me I might es vell rite some more in von sentence. Deed ya arase da piem-ple?—yes!—den make iet a comma dere insted.

Lemme see,—vhat deed I say—“Foist uf ull let me say dat yore name fiets ya

sometieng butaful," comma, "end in fect, I tienk iet fiets ya poifect," period. See, Suzzie, aint iet more dremetikel dat vay.

New sentence,—“I em riting dis ledder ta infoam ya dat da money vchich ya owe me vas do lest Rosh Hoshuna,” comma, “end here ve ah ull ietting matzohs,*” comma, “end ya aint paid iet yet,” period. “Vhen vill ya pay iet,” queckshun mark. Oh, never mind da queckshun mark, Suzzie,—enyvays I no da enser.

New sentence:—“I tienk ese iet abot time ya paid me da money vhat ya owe me,” comma, “end so in urder ta take a load uff ya mind,” comma, “end odd uf ya pockiet,” comma, “I tienk ya ought ta pay me,” comma, “but I em sure dat ya vill not,” period. New sentence:—“Bassides,” comma, “ya no vhat ya ah,” queckshun mark; “ya ah a rotten low don crook,” exclemashun point;—two exclemashun points,—end dont farget ta make iet a strate line onder da crook, end bedder make iet tree exclemashun points;

maybe ef he sees en oneven number uf points, iets liable to brieng odd rasults.

New paragraf—"Mr. Small:" piemple von on top uf da udder, "Ef I vas en-sulted ya in da foist paragraf," comma, "ramember dat ve ah now on de secund paragraf," comma, "so let bygunes be bygunes," period. New sentence:—"I vish ya vood harrenge iet a liettle supprice far me," comma, "end send me a check far da money vhat ya owe me," comma, "so es ta fool my partnair who hes jest sed dat ya ah a rotten low don grefter,*" period.

"Mid love end kiesses," comma, "I em," comma, "Respectful yores," comma, "yore friend," comma, "Mendel Goldshtain," period. Suzzie make a "P.S."—ya god iet da "P.S."? yes! den rite, "mine partnair vishes ta say dat he vas not present vhen I culled ya a rotten low don grefter in hies name," semicolon, "axcuse iet pliz"—period.

"P.S.—number two—I no ya hate me like poison, so ef ya vant ta see me croak,

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shock me ta deat by sendieng me a
check," period. "P.S.—number tree—Ef
ya vill send iet spetshel dalievery, I'll
die fester," period.

THE WORLD'S MOST CRYING
NEED—A GOOD FIVE CENT
CIGAR

THE WORLD'S MOST CRYING NEED—A GOOD FIVE CENT CIGAR

BECAUSE she had consistently refused to peddle her virtue, even on an amateur basis, Lizzie* of England had bloomed into that rare morsel:—the virgin queen* of all of the Britains. A brain, not at all attuned to the intricacies of trigonometry* and chemistry, had presaged her downfall at the entrance examinations conducted perennially at Vassar College.* And because of her failure of admission to this great American refinery, Lizzie grew to be the virgin that she always was, exiled to a career of naïveté and unsophistication.

Queen Elizabeth, the name by which she was more commonly referred to by the bridle-grooms in and about the stables at Epsom Downs,* had grown into a blushing sprout, beloved by all of her people, and rated only as a fair account

in Bradstreet.* In spite of copious efforts and pains to unearth at least one indiscretion, the New York Evening Journal,* which had then already embarked upon its venture of "inside dope," had fallen heir to a dearth of material and information, and had flunked ingloriously in its endeavors to impute any sexual obsessions to our Glorious Bess; not even one suppressed desire.

Coincident with the fineness and unblemished character of its queen, the madd'ng crowd, which was then the census of England, and also these chosen few, who, by dint of lineage, had resided at Buckingham* under a long term lease, had settled down to a life of spotless morals:—whereas, they had formerly groped for light and hasty access through pithy and pitty channels.

Texas Guinan,* then a young lady of one score and one (a combination which the passing years and the Volstead Act have since obliterated), had renovated her Piccadilly Club at Trafalgar

Square,* and had had the net result transformed into an old fashioned coffee house, where such literary men of the time as William Muldoon* and Connie Mack* might come to reminisce, and, in a constructive vein, delight over the faulty diction of Chaucer* and Johnson (not Jack).

The economic condition of Great Britain had received the whole-hearted endorsement of a certain American, named Gene Debs,* who had resided, at that time, in Atlanta, Georgia, on account of certain governmental compulsion, and this foreign state of affairs had been set up by him as a mirror-like example for the States to follow. But the States, torn between the democrats* and the republicans, had not lent ear to the "Prisoner's Song."*

The prosperity which England was experiencing was real, in the words of the present lessee of the White House. The hansom had given way to the yellow cab, while the Hupmobile had just come out

with its fleece-lined six. Queen Elizabeth, ever conservative in her royal tastes, had fortified herself with a Ford super-four, which was remarkable in its resemblance to an old country school-house:—a big crank up in front and a bunch of nuts in the rear, while the “boiler” was further unique in the sense that everything on it made noise except the horn. Owing to the fact that the car had suffered with a hardening of the arteries, induced by old age, her majesty had donated the antique to the Smithsonian Institute * of Washington, to be mated with that other relic, “the Spirit of St. Louis.” * To date, not even one battleship has been born of this union.

Born and bred into this same era, Walter Raleigh,* suiting his place of abode to the versatility of his resources, had taken up his residence at Cheapside, a section of London which had kept pace wonderfully well with the tenor of its name. Raleigh, the greatest Roman of them all, was that and all of that, simply

because he had been thrust upon his fellows in true Cæsarean fashion.* Mater Raleigh, neglecting to rally to this Latin mode, while the obstetricians * had been oppressed with their work of infantine achievement, had suddenly closed her eyes with a murmur that smacked of "pax vobiscum," * or some sort of interlineation which had decried war in general, and then passed to parts uncharted beyond the Great Divide, while Wally, saddened at the trend of affairs, came into this world in dire circumstances, with not a shirt on his back.

However, an early and healthy infancy had more than neutralized this natal miscarriage, and the first tooth, which Raleigh had cut, had pushed its way from within a pyorrhea-*laden jaw carrying with it a gold inlay, a circumstance which was rather unusual from a dental standpoint.

While still a mite of tender years, our hero became a convert, renouncing his manner of religious worship by renege-

ing from the faith of the methodists, and aligning himself with the tribe of the epicureans; and immediately thereafter he began to harbor a total dislike for shredded wheat. The cereal diet, prescribed as a mandatory item, had been fed the infant while his eyes had been hidden behind the folds of a temporary blind. And in the manner as aforesaid, while being coerced into this diet from off a rusty spoon, our hero uttered his first words between docile spasms of violent coughing. And as ears were trained to catch the colorful whisperings, the little tot was heard to repeat over and over again those magic words, "Old Golds." *

And so from an infancy replete with the scarlet fever * and the hives, Walter blossomed into a blasé youth, going to great lengths in order to thrive on Camels,* and then flitted onward to a manhood belabored with a more discreet palate, which proved to be more partial to cigars, the kind commonly known as

the algebraic brand:—any given number. Times of depression had had an adverse effect on that pavement industry which had for its purpose the utilization of cigarette ends and cigar butts. This economic circumstance had made of Raleigh a total abstainer, and things might have come to a sorry pass, had he not fallen in and come upon a beautiful wench as she floundered on the shore of an unsurmountable mud-puddle.

Wally, not knowing that the fair dame in distress was the virgin Lizzie, had proceeded to make improper overtures, but had soon realized that he had a well groomed miss in hand. Changing his technique, Walter side-tracked his crude approach in favor of a mannerism that bespoke the Roman that he was. Realizing fully well that the suit of clothes, which sheltered his withered anatomy, was to be repossessed at any day for failure to meet payments, Raleigh smothered the puddle underneath the cloth of his tattered coat, and bid the frau come over. Two weeks

later, the replevin * proceedings instituted, wherein the Limehouse Credit Clothing Co. was plaintiff and Walter Raleigh was defendant, resulted in a judgment for possession, and all that the plaintiff got by virtue of its judgment were the pants and the vest.

And so by reason of this insignificant seafaring incident, Raleigh had become endowed with certain privileges, which, from their very essence, had shaped him into one of Saturday's children. And weighted down by this mantle, and known in nocturnal circles as a knight of the bath, he had prospered to great degree, only because Queen Elizabeth had seen in him the greatest imitation of Grover Whalen.*

And so it was:—in the early part of the seventeenth century that the Mandalay * had set out from Liverpool, carrying the personnel and staff of a newly formed tobacco company, headed by such men as Raleigh, Lorillard, Duke, Lucky Strike,* and financed by the cash surrender value

of Lizzie's diamond necklace. The enterprise disembarked at Jamestown, Virginia, and soon began to sow its wild oats.

The tobacco industry was prospering by leaps and bounds. The cigarette craze was taking the country by storm, and in a manner similar to the fad which had gripped the country with the advent of the radio some years previous to this. Lorillard had resigned from the Raleigh interests, and had established himself near the approach to the Holland Tunnel * in Jersey City, while Duke had migrated farther south, and had given to North Carolina the first blush of the tobacco industry.

To these pioneers in American history, the melting pot of our present day peoples owes a lasting debt of gratitude. For every whim, for every mood, for every meditation, the cigarette of today aptly serves as a worth-while tonic. To our readers who are contrawise to exercise, and have become stunted in their physical exertions, may we not appear too forward

in soliciting their inert selves to "puff" a Camel. Each pack is guaranteed to inspire a hike of twenty miles. If life has left one a fretful creature, ill at ease, and gnawing at unsated ambitions, the price of fifteen cents will bring a Chesterfield from not far in the offing—and best of all, they satisfy.

If one would have one's women scented with the attyr of the Nile, perfumed and mild, then one should try Fatima,* the Egyptian maid who makes the nostrils vibrate with the fire of her slender lines. If one has not as yet discovered the real charm that is inherent in each and every box of Park and Tilford's, then one should smoke Luckies—they're toasted.

And so, on and on through history's pages, we are faced with eternal conflicts, ever engaging and ever waging, by reason of opposite forces; and then stilled or "killed" in the end by that spiritual power that spells "finis." But the struggle which has lingered down through the years, and has waged its battles in unchar-

tered channels, is the struggle that has gone on endlessly, and would and could lift this universe of ours from the maelstrom of exorbitant prices and fanciful sums, and endow this humanity with the world's most crying need,—a Good Five Cent Cigar.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

THE faun-like duffer,* who had failed miserably in his attempt to "shoot a birdie," was also the gunman who had been held without bail for the killing of cock robin.*

The great American avocation of golf * with its links of peril, its hazards and its traps, has mellowed itself into a dignified game of vandalism, and, by dint of its frailties, has bred a foreign twist to that famous swan song, "The Wearing of the Green."

The most noteworthy hazard one subjects oneself to, while engaging in this promenade, is the almost certain possibility of being trapped in a hole at least nine different times, while a misconstrued application of the aforementioned native Irish aria does not seem inapt, when divots * rend the fairways and transform the green into an ominous and bleak sod.

"The Wearing of the Green" has been

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shorn of its Irish ancestry, and is today an American institution. As long as this earthly planet is blessed with those rare geniuses who refuse to allow grass to grow under their feet, so long will the American links strike the eye in a discordant tone.

Grass is a growth that should be encouraged, and not thrown to the four winds from off the tail-end of an offensive mashie.* The fairways and the green should bear pained attention, and if, by means of this humble message, we are able to foster their everlasting perpetuity, we hasten to flaunt our words on John Public, especially to those chosen many who are ever unique in their ability for going to grass.

The writer, having engaged in lawn tennis any number of times:—at least twice, is absolutely qualified to speak with a note of authority anent this golfing craze, known as the cosmic urge * of the twentieth century. Golf is a game that is played on a plateau-like prairie, studded

with undeveloped acreage, trenches, sand-dunes and babbling brooks. Its greatest function is the encouragement of corns and bunions, while the least of its aims points to a presentable score card.

The play is waged on a pasture that consists of eighteen spasms:—in some cases, nine spasms, depending, of course, upon the topography of the vicinity. The pasture we speak of is woefully bereft of cows, since the milk of kindness is not always part and parcel of the golf links. Each spasm, or hole, if we are to use the more abyssmal term, is a sojourn seeded with a desecration of the Queen's English, a jumble of figures that brazenly belies its true purport, and a quest for wayward elastic-coated pellets, morally weak, which insist on straying from verdant paths due to a misdirected guidance.

Golf, by reason of its universality, is that wherein the public is deficient. To play a fairly good game is a gentlemanly accomplishment, but to play too well, denotes a misspent youth; and the American

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people, realizing their own deficiencies, are ever ready to carry on unvirtuously, so long as a "par" awaits them at the flag stations that dot the courses at irregular intervals.

In order to inspire a greater interest in the game, every golfing club carries on its payroll an unskilled laborer, who is often referred to in more profane terms as a "pro." His greatest function is to become imbibed with a chronic lethargy, wear plus fours, say nothing and listen to twice as much, the latter because of the fact that he has two ears and only one mouth. Quite recently a movement has been designed to add a chiropodist to the roster of every golfing outfit in the land, so as to revive a profession which has gradually declined since the Physical Culture Shoe Company* was first organized.

The greatest imposition ever visited upon man is the pseudo golfer, who is belabored with an inkling of his own colossal conceit as he wends his way over the

fairway, gropes for access through the rough, mobilizes his forces to surmount the hazards, concentrates his faculties to avoid the traps, and survives to attain the green in a few strokes over and above par,—an even dozen.

He is the type of athlete who indulges in checkers for the strenuous exercise involved, and resorts to golf to aid him in his study of accounting. He “cuts” a squat figure, and was, no doubt, originally intended to be a hogshead, but at the last moment the staves were left off.

He is a neatly dressed person, and while he is always conscious of himself, he smokes Murads* to appear nonchalant, and the net result is astounding. His carriage is a haughty one, for pride always goeth before a fall, while his poise is contained in dignified fashion behind the veneer acquired on the campus of the International Correspondence School.*

Exhaling a vibrant and sonorous “fore,”* he tops the ball with the grace of a shoe merchant (a blacksmith), and

assumes the stance of the first letter of the alphabet, minus the cross-bar. And now the air is rended by the power of his swing, and the compelling force behind his blow; the ball, incidently, is still in its position of first resort,—unmoved and immobile.

His is a charmed existence. His whole being has become wrapped up in his platonic friendship for the game, while his knowledge of landscape gardening has been woefully neglected. He is especially proficient in the use of the brassie; rather the abuse of one, while he is impartial in his proletariat tastes as to the mid-iron and the niblick. Propelled by the fulcrum of his own dynamic self, the mid-iron and the niblick bear a striking resemblance to each other, and are both as ineffectual to the same degree.

His initial drive in the general direction of the first hole falls short by almost the entire distance, and is important only in so far as it denotes the fact that the bunion derby * is on. Our friend excels

at walking, and would, without conjecture, have made an able letter-carrier, provided that he could have always retained his amateur status, and not have commercialized his Westonian propensities. His arc-like swings move with the gentle facility of a tarnished doorway, more commonly known as a rusty gate, while his silhouette from afar resembles the tableau, "Rebecca at the Pump," * with Becky nowheres around.

As if to augur his vengeance on the bright resplendent emerald of the rolling terraces, he pulls a divot every now and then, hurling the blades of grass hither and thither, a vandalism that bespeaks the wearing of the green. His greatest forte is an unlimited capacity for perspiration, and perspire is one of the few things that he does well.

He has been schooled in his linked pleasures on the seventh floor of a well known department store, where enterprising racketeers have set up for themselves a golfing academy, carrying with it

a degree of uncertainty at the end of the course.

In spite of his golfing affiliations, he loves his wife even though divorce has since gapped his matrimonial bliss. He is liked by his grown and adult children, who always mistake him for the bogey-man,* because he is at home so seldom. In conclusion we hasten to add that he has taken the place of the vanishing American, and there are many like him who shall ever continue to fill in the places from which other Indians have since departed. He is the proud product of the present era, distantly related to Eric Robot,* but more mechanical, and not quite as clever.

And thus having introduced the tune-ster who has lent a new note to "the Wearing of the Green," we pass on to another chapter.

BEFORE VOLSTEAD DECREED

BEFORE VOLSTEAD DECREED

THE town saloon is closed up tight,
the air is filled with woe,
The burning streams that chided throats
have long since ceased to flow.
Why should a race be apt to use such dull
and dried up laws
Which make for parched tongues,
mouths, and lips, and many pad-
locked doors;
Where are the days when schooners *
flowed with frothing, foaming beer,
And cuspidors * were in their prime, and
scotch was not so dear.
Where are the nights when crap games
lent curses to the breezes,
And all the gin in Murphy's place was
shoved away,—by Jesus.
Where are the guys who gave a dime to
bums all in and worn . . .
That they might drink to their wet
master—old John Barleycorn; *
Where are those times we ask with

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dread; the answer comes with
speed,—

Those days are gone—the good old days
—before Volstead * decreed.

Today we sit with wife and chat for want
of things to do,

And play a frame of bridge or whist, and
drink some water too;

The nearest that we get to booze is when
we go to buy

Sloan's fiery liniment containing two
per cent of rye.

The hours hold forth drear sorrow and
scorn, endless in their line;

We pray to God the fates to act and make
us into swine,

For then we could be free and bold and
splutter in the marsh,

No one denies a pig his fun; while Law
to man is harsh.

We call to mind fond days of yore when
whiskey flowed in streams,

Today it flows as of in yore; but only in
our dreams.

Life holds no charm for us right now,
naught but to sit and read
Of drunken deeds and broken reeds—
before Volstead decreed.

And so dear fellow mourners let us go
and cry with zest,
And place a wreath upon the bier of our
departed guest;
Let us drink a toast to Johnnie, the dear-
est friend of all,
He gave us all red noses, and our breaths
doth him recall;
He was the finest skate to trod this
worldly atmosphere,
So let us raise our voices, and give him
a rousing cheer,
He loved us all, and for us lived until
his sudden end,
And we in turn loved him more still,—
he was a real strong friend.
Then come ye thirsty brothers, let us
gather round the grave,
And offer benediction and a prayer for
him who gave,

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And as we tender blessings without due
care or heed,
Lets think of times, benign and fine,—
before Volstead decreed.

INTESTINAL TROUBLE AND
THE LABOR MOVEMENT

INTESTINAL TROUBLE AND THE LABOR MOVEMENT

SO long as the surface of sirloin steak is largely constituted of a net-work of varicose veins,* so long as ducklings continue to suffer with that plebeian hoof disease known as fallen arches, and so long as oleomargarine persists in wilting under the strain of the slightest provocation, so long will this gormandizing race of ours be bowed with the acid fruits of its gluttonous indiscretions lending impetus to that progressive and stimulating industry, which has for its purpose the aggrandizement of epsom salt, ex-lax and milk of magnesia.*

Intestinal trouble is an internal disorder that had its inception at the civil war which racked the Latin country of Spain, during those blood-red halcyon days when the Carpathian Mountains were mere hills,—but pregnant with the seed of expansion; and the Capital of

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Madrid * was torn, battered and bartered in the hands of insurgents, pedestrians, rebels and vegetarians. Since then, this ravishing disease has become inculcated in most of us, as do old Spanish customs, and has become a habit of great proportions, eking out an existence on the inefficiencies that flow from an over-indulgence in ice cream sodas, liver-wurst, green peppers, skinless frankfurters, and unique beverages which have come to the fore since the incarnation of that twentieth century commandment—The Volstead Act.

Intestinal trouble has doubled the capacity of quite a few mortals. In fact, it has doubled up the capacity of many more. In the wake of its pangs usually flows: blues, general wretchedness, insomnia, acute indigestion, appendicitis of like severity, and pneumonia, if the ailing subject is easily influenced beyond the boiling point on the centigrade thermometer.

Aeons ago, a famous and starving phi-

losopher, named Aristotle,* who had won his spurs under a Greek restaurateur, named Plato,* whispered in an inventive way, "to cure the evil we must first care for the cause," and incidently the thought comes to us that it wasn't Aristotle who founded this idea. Perhaps it was Socrates who spoke these "bon mots" as he sipped of the hemlock * without much time left for research, ere the poison fatally pinched and gnawed at the breath of his pagan years.

At any rate, in attacking this internal and eternal enigma which has left the intestinal tract in such a state of disrepair and chaos, we must go into a deeper study of man. To sink into a minute discussion of my sermon, I call upon each and every one of you to know your own bodies as you would your bridge; with the glint of its diamonds, the thud of its hearts, the beat of its clubs and the thrusts of its spades.

Underneath the veneer of the human body is an anatomy, organism and proto-

plasm which, when spelled together, have been responsible for the untimely success of Father John's Cough Squelcher, Dr. Fletcher's Delightful Baby Food and Lydia Pinkham's Woman's Home Companion. Delving among the framework of the human body and stopping at the second rib, we come upon a floating kidney,* straying listlessly in an unknown latitude, and plodding its way west of the Great Meridian.* To the north of the kidney is the heart, beating time with the tempo of the pulse, each one really being a counterpart of the other. Southeast of the human carburetor, with its ventricles, auricles and leaking valves, is the intestinal acreage, spreading its confines by metes and bounds among the vitals of the torso.

Picture the stuffed neck of a handsome rooster who has since passed to his Great Reward, and we envision the large intestines before our eyes. Picture the neck once more—on the womanly shoulders of a queenly hen—and see the small intes-

tines. At the point where the large intestines merge their identity and drown their existence with the small intestines, is what we scientists, epicureans, and Presbyterians call the colon.* The colon, in reality, is the gateway between the large intestines and the small intestines, and great care should be taken to keep these two tracts open by choosing our food sanely, and eating wisely, for in the wake of congestion comes indigestion:—a state of affairs which partly clogs the colon, thereby inducing a severe condition of semi-colon.*

God's greatest gift to man is none other than a healthy constitution, properly framed, reasonably amended, and constituted with plenty of by-laws. In going into a resume of the digestive system, I might say that if we could all feel down in the mouth, we would come upon and touch the esophagus. The esophagus is the Panama Canal* of the human system, a highway which has brought the stomach closer to the mouth, and has

made the hiccough a byword on the lips of all individuals partial to drink and those unfortunates laboring under stomach depression.

Not doing anything more worth-while, or of more immediate moment, let us follow the turbulent itinerary of one of Heinz's baked beans as it toes the mark for its journey toward oblivion. The bean is placed on the tongue, and is soon coated with a salivary finish. In a moment of might, the upper and lower jaws embrace in a cruel ecstasy and crush out the joys that were once the lot of that little in-offensive bean.

A belch* sent up by gas, arrives quickly, and with a sudden jerk and spasm of indecision, spends its energy in a long drawl which resembles a half-baked yawn. The bean becomes entangled onto the tail-end of the belch, and is transmitted in its crestfallen state on its long journey. It has already passed the bicuspid,* the laterals, the canines and the molars:—all ivory pillars that hold

up the roof of the mouth, and stud the lower jaw with evened white columns.

The bean is now surmounting a pair of perforated tonsils, and comes within hailing distance of a set of troublesome adenoids,* and has yet to pass the noisy salute of the thorax—known as the voice-box in more commonplace parlance. In the background is the esophagus,* the alimentary canal,* whose long-drawn-out existence makes the trip to the stomach an overnight journey. The bean, which no longer resembles its affiliation with the vegetable family, is now tripping lightly down the esophagus.

Here and there organs (the heart, the lungs, the liver, etc.), mellow its path with sweet music. At last, the stomach, in its pear-shaped state, opens up its bosom to the little bean, and nestles it in its recesses just long enough to make it uncomfortable. Of course in extreme cases the stomach may prove to be more than a week-end host, in which instances

sedatives, purgatives, physics and other sciences should be employed.

History tells us that the principal reason for George Washington's aversion for aeroplanes was the fact that it sickened him to the stomach when he realized that the mud-thatched flats and environs of the Potomac Valley * had been desecrated to a flighty purpose, and had been converted into Bolling Field.* And so, on account of this stomach depression, Daddy George, who had envisioned these great, but not then so wide, United States, had failed to foresee that the day was yet to come when people would, for some fool reason or other, fly across the Atlantic Ocean.

Napoleon * Bonaparte, exploiter of men, lover of women and ruler of nations, dug his own grave, it is said, by reason of his carnivorous instincts and passion for food. More than once, it has been told of him that his favorite pastime, next to shooting pistols, was to delight in browsing about the canned meats depart-

ment of the A. & P. store * in the Latin Quarter of Paris.

Josephine, the wench with whom he had had a falling-out, testified on her death-bed that "Nappy" had suffered with acid stomach, had been dreadfully afflicted with halitosis,* but, like all good martyrs, she had never told him. It is a matter of record that Liggett's drug store in the City of Havre had catered to Napoleon Bonaparte on numerous occasions, supplying him with Coty's perfumes, Robert Burns' cigars and Breyer's fruit parfaits. Many dieticians attribute the Emperor's downfall at Waterloo to his innate and insane love for ice-cream. This, together with an attack of ingrown toe-nails, contracted on the S.S. Bellerophon, while en route to St. Helena,* had hastened his demise some twenty years later.

Henry the Eighth,* the English play-boy of the fifteenth century, who was afflicted with mormonic tendencies, had given to the monarchy of England a

multiplicity of queens, and yet, while still in the prime of life, and while still able to up-hold the affirmative of the divorce question in his spasmodic tete-a-tetes with the Pope at Rome, became bed-ridden with ulcers * of the stomach, drew one foot into the grave and planted the other onto a banana peel; and then without a murmur, upon being called by the Grim Reaper,* departed his life to heaven or to hell, and bequeathed the destinies of all the Britains to hands more virtuous than his.

It is no particular secret that John D. Rockefeller's * present stomach condition was precipitated by gas under the heart. And so, the Standard Oil Company of America was founded. Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth president of the United States, was a victim of the gout even before the Battle of Bull Run assumed the proportions of a walk. No doubt his years were numbered, but whatever conjecture there may have been as to his life's expectancy, was nipped in the bud

in untimely fashion when a certain Mr. Booth * chose a legitimate show-house in the city of Washington as the scene for some uncalled-for target practice. The true extent of Lincoln's stomach ailment was never really known, for, like the good Mason * that Lincoln was, he was pledged to the secret of the Order, and Lincoln, always indiscriminate, whether in the Order, or out of order, spoke little, and so, on account of his silence, very little was known of his deranged digestive system.

Charles Proteus Steinmetz,* the wizard of Schenectady, scaled lofty-heights in spite of the fact that his carriage was haunted by dyspepsia. Steinmetz is no more,—but the various monuments which he has left as a token to this generation and to those to follow, are fitting tributes to the man who succeeded in spite of the fact that he was down in the stomach.

And now, after all of these allusions of grandeur, we come to the real essence of our subject:—intestinal trouble and the

labor movement. Much has been said of the former; little of the latter. Samuel Gompers,* formerly head of that anemic institution,—the American Federation of Labor,—once defined labor as “work,” which was really an unusual way of describing toil. However, work is that instrumentality which, by its very essence, has given rise to labor on the one side, and capital on the other, thereby cementing an order of things which, in its very nature, may be reconciled to intestinal trouble. In each case we have two diverse forces, pulling in opposite directions. In the latter case, we have the desired forces of nature fighting for life against epidemics, scourges, plagues and the inevitable. In the other case we have the worker at odds with the boss. In one instance we deal with organisms; in the other, with organizations. If we would have better organization, let us first get at the root of it. Organism is the first law of organization.

To live an entire life bereft of ailment,

is a wonderful accomplishment, but to turn gray prematurely denotes a misspent youth. Don't indulge in intoxicating liquors; one of the greatest faults of the present generation, is the fact that too many of our Americans, who are Irish by descent, are Scotch by absorption. Live a life, so that you may have something to tell your children, besides burdening them with bedtime stories; but above all, don't fix your gaze upon the sidewalk of empty ambition, for we know of such a man who lived a bent existence, and finally died of curvature of the spine.

Hitch your wagon to a star,—but don't ride all over Heaven prematurely. And thus, having preached the gospel of intestinal trouble and its care, the writer leaves you with food for thought for just a few moments, so that he too may catch a light morsel:—an ice-cream soda and a piece of French pastry.

HAY FEVER AND GRASS
WIDOWS

HAY FEVER AND GRASS WIDOWS

THE League of Nations * had assembled at the Hague, simply because of the unavailability of Madison Square Garden, due to the fact that a society bud, named Bennie Leonard,* had been scheduled to meet and trade telling blows with another product of the cauliflower industry who was in the habit of carrying on his manly art under the name of Willie Ritchie. And so it came to pass that the League was in Dutch both figuratively and literally speaking. The business of conducting the World Court on a profit-sharing basis had been entirely nullified when this international procession had shown itself to be unqualifiedly devoid of interest.

One of the delegates to the conclave, a scion of the younger generation, who was called Georges Clemenceau,* had in untimely fashion become bedridden with

the measles, and to aggravate matters more, Monsieur Viviani, who had been tutored in the art of "second fiddle," was nowhere to be found. Rumors had it that he had unexpectedly departed from the mainland of Europe, embarking on a Cook's Tour * to America, in order to spend the week-end with his family at their summer cottage in Coney Island.*

And thus did the convention languish. Lloyd George, disappointed at the sudden turn of affairs, had begun to swim back to England (via the English Channel *), but had failed in his attempt to better Gertrude Ederle's * mark. Col. Ed. House,* the American representative, not having anything of more immediate moment to attend to, and faced with the thought of three irksome hours, had decided upon a trip around the world in order to "kill" the time.

These unexpected circumstances were the potent causes of the coma which had spread its tentacles and influences over the continuity of the League of Nations. The

summer, championing a fragrant and soothing lethargy,* had been conducive of a prolonged and phlegmatic spasm which had deterred the salvation of all worldly ills and inefficiencies from a triumphant voyage to Utopia. July and August had been thrown into the discard without listing one notable event on posterity's pages. Labor Day * came and left in the same way:—lots of rain.

But at about the time when school supplies were in a great demand, conditions had begun to assume a more inviting complexion. Monsieur Viviani had returned from the sun-baked sands of Coney Island, while Georgie Clemenceau had passed the crisis of the dreadful scourge to which most youthful entities fall prey. Lloyd George, appreciative of the greater superiority of calendars over stop watches, had abandoned his channel swim, and had spent the rest of the summer nursing a smattering of pleurisy, which he had contracted while yet some

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twenty-four miles from off the coast of
Dover.

And now, once again, the League, true to its persuasion, was convened in dignified mien. Its success at this time was almost a foregone conclusion; problems had been surmounted, difficulties had been coped with; the ultimate pact had been drawn, and merely awaited endorsement, "when in walks Col. House and sneezes." Whereupon the Colonel took the next train back to America, to reminisce at the sorry pass which an untimely suggestion of hay fever had precipitated. And thus for the first time does the real truth concerning the League's failure grace the tomes of public record, and having registered our findings thusly, we proceed onward to the essence of the text.

* * * * *

Dispelling a familiar and universal illusion, might we say in the beginning that hay fever is a disease uncommon in horses. The derivation of the term has been a mystery to all medical and less

scientifically inclined minds during all these centuries; but if the truth is to be known, we must cast aside the veil of mysticism, and face realities squarely. The disease, which, by dint of its saddened turn, has constantly brought tears to the eyes, and has ravished the vocal chords of many poor mortals, has clothed itself with the gown of abysmal secrecy as regards its deep rooted lineage. In the face of all of this uncertainty, medical science, constantly groping for light, has constructed innuendo after innuendo in order to found the basis of that distressing illness known as hay fever.

Mocked at every turn, the medical industry has been way-laid in favor of many other tenets and isms, until today the applied science of physics has been incorporated into the battle for truth and light. Einstein's theory of relativity, if it has done nothing at all of great moment for the present generation, must, nevertheless, be lavished and feted with kind words, simply because it has, by dint of

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its doctrine of relativity, impressed beyond a doubt that hay fever and grass widows * really bear more than a casual connection to each other.

For the purpose of definition:—a grass widow is not green, nor does she allow herself to be trampled upon. She is one of God's chosen creatures, who insists on swearing by everything that is holy that she had failed to say, "I do," when the parson had encouraged repetition. She is the type that loves her husband, and is unselfish in her devotion—even to the point of diversification. She loves with the fire of reckless abandon, but spends her efforts and energies beyond the bounds of her own sanctum sanctorum. She is a heartless creature, and by the force of her own magnetic being breeds discontent, divorce, suicide and hay fever.

If the American youth of today would avoid the pitfalls that ever challenge all that is decent in him; if he would ever remain the sylph-like nymph that his mother had always wished him to be, and

if he would live a life bereft of sonorous sneezes that gnaw at the diaphragm and distort the facial features beyond recognition, let him shun the path that shelters the tread of the grass widow.

* * * * *

We wonder—perhaps the moving party behind the downfall of the League of Nations was a woman after all.

DREAM PSYCHOLOGY—AND
WHAT OF IT?

DREAM PSYCHOLOGY—AND WHAT OF IT?

PREDICATED on a new school of thought, the renaissance, of which Sigmund Freud * had been the standard bearer, proved to be an inglorious procession, and to still the pageant further, the calliope, which had brought up the rear, had, at the last moment, by an act of Providence, refused to whistle. And thus, the Freudian theory, parading the subconscious mind, prospered only after a fashion, as people continued to bend their resources to other more worth-while channels.

The doctrine of "intelligent sleep," as concocted by Freud, had culled its authenticity from a rather trite and insignificant incident inspired along the grim gaunt Palisades. Freud, one day, on a continental visit to his uncle, who had conducted a German beer garden, in violation of the prohibition code, at Cliff-

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side Heights, New Jersey, had dreamed that an angel had carried him from the squalor of urban ways to verdant lanes of resplendent greenery. The dream is further a noteworthy one, when considering the fact that it took wing while Freud was en-route to Weehawken from New York, via the West Shore ferry-boat, "Iroquois."

Our far-minded readers, already acquainted with the intricacies of dream psychology, can readily foretell what drastic and sweeping changes this circumstance would have readily had on the sleep industry. By a simple and elemental association, Freud had, in a sensing vein, aligned his conscious and subconscious movements at a simultaneous time. "Ferry boat," being synonymous with "ferry," and "angel" being similar to "fairy," we note with some degree of levity that, consciously and subconsciously, Freud had called upon a fairy, or ferry, or what you will, in order to carry on. Without taxing the imagina-

tion to any great extent, "the squalor of urban ways" might easily be mirrored in the reflection of "New York," while "verdant lanes of resplendent greenery" might just as easily be reconciled to "Weehawken," that fertile patch on God's dirt, where Alex Hamilton * made his last stand, while he and Aaron Burr * had played "cowboys and Indians."

And from that day to this, has sprung this original association which persists in attaching ulterior motives to idle dreams.

JAKE COHEN AT MRS.
MURPHY'S HOUSE
WARMING

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MURPHY'S HOUSE
WARMING

MRS. MOIPHY hed inwited ull her nabors ta ottend a hoz-vorm-ieng ta be gieven ot her luxious two rum flet in hunor from da ratoin home uf her son, Jiem, who hed jest fienished a fore year's cause ot da Instietute uf Sieng Sieng. Ull da nabors vas dere; enclud-ieng Mr. & Mrs. Mike Sviney, Mr. & Mrs. Abrum Goldbaig, Spike Dugen, Toney Spinella, Mr. & Mrs. Chaim Veinshtain, Mrs. Von Stroheim, my vife, Beckela Coyne end me myself, Jake Coyne.

Da apotment vas dressed in iets gayest colairs, mid decarashuns livenieng op da smelly etmosphere sometieng vondaful. Ewen aldo iet vasn't Chriestmas, miestle-toe vas هنگيeng ull over da place, end rite away, qvick, I new dat dere vas goieng ta be kiessieng games plenty. Florel

peaces; sich es carnashuns, sveet peas, yellow peas, grin peas, spleet peas end cauliflowers vas lendieng en eppitizieng espect ta da sarrondiengs. Da flet, vchich rilly consiested uf a kietchin end a bedrum, vas diesguised sometieng butaful ta look like sometieng else. In fect, da von bedrum vas da gud feature uf Jiem. Jiem harly ewer boddered hies mudder mid sich liettle trifles es bedrums. No sure not,—far da lest ten years Jiem hed bien lettieng da state take cair uf hies slip-pieng quarters.

Mrs. Moiphy hed done her best ta diesguise her bed inta a luxious settee, by dressieng da cushuns mid bleck colaired pilla cases, but ya kent fool Jake Coyne; I new iet vas a bed es soon es I lemped my eyes on iet. By plecieng a doity cover over da vash-stend, end layieng a few old fonograf records on top, en unsuccessful ettempt vas made by da hostess in lidieng da poblick ta balieve dat da fliemsy peace uf cheese clot vas hidieng a wictrola. Da piana vas conspicuous by iets

absence, end da old, vel-vorn, hole-rieddled carpet vas elevated ta a high plece in dis voild vhen Mrs. Moiphy en-foamed ull dat iet hed bien poichessed ot a high price frum en entick shop. Gee, could my Irisha nabor bluff:—she ought ta slip vell she lied so gud.

Two kerosene lemps lighted op da apotment, do ta da fect dat Mrs. Moiphy hed hed some finenshel diffrentses mid da ges compeny. Vhy dey got along es vell taggedder es a rebbi duz mid a peace uf hem. Da china closet vas riech mid buta-ful plate end gless vare, but Mrs. Von Stroheim kept remindieng da hunoreble hustess ta take particle gud cair frum ull da dieshes vvhich she hed lended her, end vvhich hed cost her son, Heinie, siexteen chences bafor he von dem ot Cooney Islend.

Vell enyvay, soon Jiem Moiphy er-rived, end evrybody let odd, "Supprice," but Jiem cherrfully ensered, "ah hell, I've seen voist supprices den dis, be-gorra." Uf cause no von vas eny much too

entusiesticel over dis enser, but soon evry-tieng vas runnieng smood agen. Da crod vas geddieng ta mix szocieble, end rite away Mr. Abrum Goldbaairg vas da centa uf ettrecshun by hies kien story tellieng.

Goldbaairg vas leddieng da pieples no vhat a gud football player hies Semmy vas. "Ach I tell ya," sez Goldbaairg, "dere's no game like football. I cum ta see da game, end da foist tieng vhat I no dey start iet en ocshun. Von guy started ta hollereng; 'twenty-two, twenty-tree, twenty-fore'; I started ta hollering too, end bidded 'twenty-fife,' but my Semmy musta yelled 'twenty-siex,' bacause rite away, qvick, dey gave him da ball, end he starts runnieng, end ull uf a sudden, von biege bummer trips him op, end da rest frum da gengsters falls on top uf him, end a guy next ta me, in a very heppy woice, starts yellieng, 'hooray far Goldbaairg, he gained a yard'; but vhen I sien da vay my Semmy vas stretched odd, I vas sure he lost a foot, end meybe en arm too in da bargin. Uf cause, vhen I sien ha

bedly dey vas trittieng Semmy, I rushed odd to help him, but some vise cop holders odd, 'Jesus Chrise, get uff da gridiron,' end dat vas da foist time dat I vas ever mistaken far a Chriestien. But I vondered vhere da gridiron vas, end vhat Jesus ever hed ta do mid a fryieng pen."

"Newerdaless, my ettenshun soon toined ta da game agen, end soon I hoid some uf da tremps who vas playieng yell, 'get dat qvarter beck, get dad qvarter beck,' end den dere vas a mad scremble, end a terrible miex-op from humen beiengs, end vhen I saw da vay von guy vas laid low, I vondered ef iet vas rilly voit vwhile ta take ull dat truble far twenty-five cents. Soon efter, some biege stieff, mid a paper-shaped horn ta hies mout, began ta cry, 'Let's gieve da udder side da resberries,' end evryvon started ta cheer end ta clep dere hends. Da dem fools; ef dey vas goieng ta soive rafreshments, vhy gieve dem ta da udder side. Ach I tell ya, da Americens pieples ah crazy; always giev-ieng away sometieng far nottieng."

Haever, Mr. Goldbaire vas not gieven a chence ta fienish hies sorrowful tale because Mrs. Moiphy soon repped far urder, end infoamed ull dat da foist tieng on da prugrem vood be a speech by her Jiem on vhy Sieng Sieng could not get along mid odd him. Jiem, iet siems, vas not a men uf voids, but a men uf ecshuns, end dat, in fect, vas da chief rieson vhy he vas ulvays a cendidate far da jail-hoz. Enyvay, he sed a few voids vvhich musta bien memorized baforhend. Sez Jiem, "vhen ya lieve da coup ya lest hend hes bien dealed, ya noives ah steeled, ya lieps ah sealed, ya heart ese healed, ya soul ese peeled; end soon ta da semetery ya vill be vheeled." Da salecshun vas vell received.

Da next tieng on da prugrem vas a game uf pust uffice. Dis es ya must on-dastend ese a game mid ledders. Ef a poison geds a ledder, he picks odd a potner frum da oppasit sex, end togedder dey bote go inta a rum vhere dere's no von else, end dey kiess, end squiz, end hug,

end so fort end so on. Es dere vas no empty rums ve hed ta look arond far a plece. Ve couldn't use da hallvey, far, uf cause, da lendledy vas dere pippieng alreddy es she vas not invited ta da potty, do ta da fect dat Mrs. Moiphy vas some how alveys ashame to fece her vhen da foist of da mont ralled arond;—end to-day vas da foist uf August. Haever, ve soon fond a nook, end da game started to commence, end pieples commenced ta start ta ged ledders; some god seven, some nine, some tvelve, some even god fiefteen ledders, end I,—I diedn't even get a rotten pustel card.

My vife, Becky, musta gotten a ledder oddressed, "Lover's Lane, Heven," baccuse iet took her en owful long time ta cum beck, end vhen she died ged beck looking saur, I kinda fiegured dat da menegers end bord uf darectors of dere musta gieven her a tiecket far da udder plece. Mrs. Goldbaireg musta gotten a spetsel dielivery ledder, baccuse she diesappeared inta da kiessing parlors like a

flesh. Finelly, ot lest, I get iet a ledder, end pieckieng odd Mrs. Moiphy, ve bote vent odd, but she, I soppose deedn't like my cumpeny, bacause she told me I hed da wrung oddress.

Haever, da pieples soon got tired uf makieng luve bahind shot doors, end dat vas da foist time vhat I hoid frum a pust offiece goieng odd uf biezzness. Mrs. Moiphy den called far local telent, end Mrs. Veinshtain rasponded mid a wokel salecshun dat vas a haf kest betwin coon-shoddyieg end insane ravieng. Ve told her ta save her efforts end sieng tamorrer, end she rasponded ta ah estonieshed supprice, end rendered da reg-time salechun by dat name.

In da mintime, Mrs. Sviney vas bizzily onged in shawieng uff her freckles feced uff-sprieng ta da crod, end, in so doieng, sed ta me mid en Irish occent, "ye no, Mr. Coyne, I tienk my Petrieck looks a hole lot like ye," to vlich I qvickly ensered "Ef I looked like ya Petsy, I vood shood myself," but Mr.

Sviney, stieckieng in his two cents, edded, "Ef I vas sure dat my Pet looked like ya, I vood save ya da truble."

Haever, dis vas no time ta start eny argumentashun, end ah ettenshun vent back ta da potty. Mrs. Moiphy next put herself on da prugrem end denced en Irisha jig, end, balieve me ef St. Petriecks vas alive today ta see da vay she executed dis jig, he vood heve executed her. So in urder to avoid bloodshed, let St. Petsy lay vhere he ese. Enyvay dere aint no more rettlesnakes ta kiell in Eyreland.

Iet vas Spike Dugen's chence next ta show his gienus. Edvencieng bafor da pieples, Spike sed "I kent sieng, end I kent dence, but jest ta be szocieble, I'll lieck eny guy in dis crod." End uf ull da pieples who vas in da rum ot dat time, he looks rite ot me, end sez, "Vell, smoll chenge, dontcha balieve me." Immediately, my temperature bagen ta rise some-tieng vondaful, end, ef vhat doctors say ese true, namely dat a temperature uf von

hondred end fife degrees ese occompenied by pnemony, den I musta hed pnemony mid rhumetisim trown in far a gud mezzure, bacause I vas so stieff, I couldn't move en iench.

Ta my ralief, Mrs. Moiphy continawed da prugrem, end culled opon me ta shaw my ability. I made a long fonny spiech vvhich I hed loined es a boiy, end vvhich siemed ta enjoy evrybody. I hed hardly fienished vvhhen I vas greeted mid a tunderous clepping uf da fit. Some started vavieng dere fiests ot me,—I min dere hends, end udders started ta jeer me. I min ta cheer me. End soon a buquet up strange lookieng flovers vas hended ta me by Toney Spinella, da vop, who infoamed me dat dey came from da vilds uf Ietaly. Toney, da gud boiy dat he vas, vas so particle not ta soil da flovers dat he held dem ot da very end, but I took dem mid odd makieng a fuss, end rite den end dere vas da foist time vvhhat I ever hed poison ivy. Dey say ivy cliengs, but poison ivy stiengs, too. I den bagan ta rillize dat my spiech

deedn't make sich big hiet efter ull. Vhy, vhen iet cums ta poison ivy, it trevels fester den vireless, end iets chipper, too. Aldo iet ese not es enjoyeble es a vireless, iet gieves ya more truble den von. A vireless troubles ya, vhen ya go ta essemble iet, but poison ivy cums ull essembled, end stiell iet gieves ya truble.

Iets my luck ulriddy ta be like Steve himself; I vonce bought en automobile, end den, ta my joy, vhen I got into en eccident mid iet, I diescovered ta my sorrow dat da insurance on it hed expired da day bafor. I'll betcha ef I vas dying uf toist on da Sarah Desert, iet vould start rennieng smuked herrings end salted pin-nuts.

Den fargettieng ull my pens far a mienute, I looked op, end dere vas evry-von leffing dere heads uff ot me, espetselly da hustiss, Mrs. Moiphy. Dis got me med far sure, end grebbieng my het, I cried, "Mrs. Moiphy, may ya home ketch on fire, end may iet be sich a fire, dat iet vill be da gratest end grendest hoz-vorm-

ing vhat ya shood ever heve." Ta vwhich, Mrs. Moiphy raplied, "gud-by, Mr. Coyne, gud-by, may ya peth be strewn mid russes, end ull ya childrun heve pug-nusses." Dis vas too much, end holleriang beck, "Ach, go ta hell, ull uf youse." I slemmed da door shot on Mrs. Moiphy end her hoz-vormieng.

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS—
TOP AND BOTTOM

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS— TOP AND BOTTOM

THE paternal grandfather of Moby Dick,* so the story goes, was the same fellow who had minced words with an Hebraic gentleman, named Jonah.* The incident would have normally savored of little public interest, except for the fact that the whale, in a breathtaking moment, had engulfed our hero, and then, with the same degree of suddenness, upon being seized by a gaseous attack, had fallen victim to a discordant belch, with the result that Jonah was once again transmitted in the flesh to the high-water mark. Music critics, the world over, are universal in their opinion that the jazz hit of the age, "The Return of the Swallow," owes its origin to this particular nautical incident.

Jonah, laboring under visions of grandeur, had, in his high seated castles, broken bread with Ike Walton,* and

from this effervescent and imaginary friendship had sprung his yearning for the sea and his love for all of its life tenants. However, the story of fish and fisherman evolves itself into an eternal enigma, and leaves us with the thought that even in those days freedom of the seas was a quantity to be reckoned with.

From that time at which the whale had shown itself averse to trespass and fond of kosher meat, up until today, the struggle for existence has waxed merrily. The shark family, realizing that this mooted question would entail more than the ordinary intellectual powers, had learned at an early age to travel in schools. Members of the cod-fish clan, knowing fully well that the exigencies of the times would be a drain upon their geometric and arithmetical resources, had been taught to multiply rapidly; while flounders, in order to inject an harmonious note in the picture, carried their scales with them.

And thus did the fight for existence

wage; and so from this fishy fiction, has grown the warped-old adage, which has for its purpose an unrestricted easement on the high seas, carrying with it a covenant of quiet enjoyment.

* * * * *

The renown that was once Spain's is mirrored down through the years on history's pages, and the power that was hers is reflected in the story and the glory of the Spanish Armada,* the fleet which roamed the seven seas at the height of the sixteenth century. The criminal code of Spain at that time was unique in the sense that it had defined highway robbery as a felony, and since Louis Marshall * was but a lad of tender years in those days, no one had as yet interpreted the high seas to mean a highway.

Accordingly, an enterprising business man of Barcelona, who had resorted both to bankruptcy and to arson in order to eke out an honest livelihood, had conceived the idea of piracy on the high seas. Communicating his brain-child to Philip

of Spain by long distance telephone (and reversing charges), the scheme took definite shape and form, with the result that all English vessels laden with East Indian treasures had reached their ports of destination woefully short-changed. And believe it or not,—that is how the Spanish Armada first came to do business.

Freedom of the seas was but a vague nonentity at this epoch of history. Spain ruled with an iron hand, while England, in her shame, attributed all of her shortcomings to rheumatism of the joints. The sea which had been greatly amplified due to the excursion and pilgrimage which Columbus had made in 1492, was not now big enough to nourish English shipping. Spain had become imbibed with the perverted fancy that enemy ships were less vicious on the bottom of the sea than on the top, and so the British navy, one by one, commenced to “faw” down, and in each case the “boom” was a condition precedent rather than a subsequent essential.

At about this time, in the year of 1560.

a manly sprite, answering to the title of Frankie Drake, had emerged from his milk-fed days to a glorious adolescence, surmounting the pit-falls of erring youth and speeding onward toward an indigent manhood. Industry was then facing a terrible depression induced by the innovation of the five day week. Henry Ford's automobile factory in Liverpool was not working on full time, and conditions were pressing due to the unstable and fluctuating trend of call money at Wall Street.* There was one avenue left for Frank Drake, therefore, and so, satisfying a whim of his boyhood days when he used to bask in water puddles, Drake joined up with the British navy.

As time wore on, he distinguished himself repeatedly, until the monarchy of England, recognizing his mesne ability, dubbed him a knight of the garter (not a foreign make). Carrying the emoluments of his office heavily on a slight stature, and parking his carcass at the Ritz-Carlton as Sir Francis Drake,* he

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steadily scaled lofty heights, until the climax was precipitated in the year of the good God 1588, when the Spanish Armada went down to ignoble defeat in the face of his dauntless thrusts.

Super-induced by Drake's smashing victory, the business of barter and exchange, from a Spanish standpoint, now had as one of its pre-requisites the formality of a legal consideration. But England, stealing a leaf from Spain's diary of indiscretions, had now begun to carry-on where Spain had left off.

Drake, forgetting the noble story of "Jacob and his children," the fundamentals of which had been drilled into him by his mother, while the Stromberg-Carlson * had spielled, "Lead Kindly Light," and disregarding one of the God-given commandments, which had for its purpose the condemnation of taking ways, now commenced to emulate the yachting jousts of his Spanish predecessors, with the exception that he applied a little English to the error of his ways.

England had suddenly become the peer of commerce,—being especially proficient in the art of transferring cargo from one ship to the other, while both ships were on the high seas. Knavery on God's waters had given way to ethical piracy, and Great Britain was extremely vindictive while settling her old score with Spain. The game which she was playing with her Spanish neighbor was resplendent with hits, stolen bags and double killings, but the box-score showed no sacrifices which one might have made for the other.

And so throughout the duration of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the union jack flew majestically on most of the world's in-going and out-going steamers. Brittania, the goddess of might, rolled on the crest of pomp and power. Her navy, large and formidable, thundered over the main upon which it held sway. England was experiencing a prosperity which she had never known before. Industry was keeping pace with the naval

forces, workers were buying their own homes, and second mortgages could be had for a song.

At about this time it might be fitting to add that England was the landlord of some real estate over on the wrong side of the Atlantic, which she had divided into thirteen colonies. The burden of making this community a going one was indeed a problem, and, in order to defray the overhead, Geo. III,* who was then king of England, simply because he had been born into this world a few years earlier than his brother Eddie, hit upon a novel idea, namely:—the tea tax. One day, while engaging William Pitt* in a two-handed game of pinochle, George and Billy talked over the plan, ironed out all difficulties, and forthwith imposed the tax. The colonists, being averse to taxation, commenced to do battle with England, which ultimately resulted in their independence. Whereupon they set up a fellow by the name of George Washington, who had made a fortune in the small

loan business at Charlestown, West Virginia, as their president, and had their new creation christened as the United States of America. Reports have it that the country is still doing business under this trade name.

This neophyte nation, which was founded on a shoestring, had also fallen heir to a soul (sole),—bound to the last. And last it did, with the soul of invincible qualities, guiding its domestic inclinations on the theory of peace and good friendship to all, entangling alliances with none, until some seven years later. 'Twas while Tommy Jefferson was doing time at the White House, that he had exploded those immortal words, "millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." The statement was "greek" to the pirates from off the coast of Tripoli, and being Greek themselves, they naturally did not understand it.

Things looked black for the republic across the sea. The pirates had an uncanny and taking way of kidnapping and

enveigling away American merchant shipmen. Something had to be done, and so after floating a Liberty Loan on Yellow Stone Park, which was yet to become one of its possessions, the country built a warship, and placed an iron-puddler, by the name of Stephen Decatur,* formerly a Presbyterian, but now a pedestrian, at the helm of the ship. America's coming out party was a success. Her debut in the world of commerce was hailed by all society, namely:—The Daughters of the American Revolution, The Tall Cedars of Lebanon, The Fighting Sons of Israel, K. U. V. and the Civil War Veterans, Post #90, G. A. R.

Freedom of the Seas:—new blood was now being injected into the struggle for its guaranteed rights. The war of 1812 had been a sad blow to Great Britain's naval supremacy. Captains Lawrence and Perry who, as children, had abhorred the bath-tub, had sprouted to historical prominence, by writing victory after victory in America's year-book. Paul Jones,

whose praises are sung on the ballroom floor, was an eminent pioneer of the power which had now come, and was yet to follow.

America in her moment of might was not to be denied. From then until this day, she had ruled the sea with unselfish motive, with the hand of the Good Samaritan, and with a heart replete with international devotion, except for a spell when Dewey at Manila and Sampson at Santiago revived memories of that glorious day in 1588 when Spain went down to the sea in ships.

The reign of the United States naval force on the high seas has been a peaceful one in the main. Nations have respected its power, but always unselfish in assuming this power, our nation has never spent the same in a tone of bravado.

The subject of "Freedom of the Seas" today blends itself with more reality, and mellows itself in the truth with more verity than ever before. Words have been spoken and omens have been whispered

to the effect that the Japanese menace is creeping out of the Orient on an ostentatious mission in order to wreck the sublimity of the seas, and to entrench itself exclusively on the high pedestal now held by America.

We, of America, ever mindful of lurking dangers, and altruistic to the finish, hasten to go on record to the end that we do not advocate snobbery, but do invite criticism, and do not pretend to be invincible. If the ocean is to be shared with other powers, we shall gladly do so, regardless of race, color or creed. If Japan insists in participating jointly with us in our sole administration of the high seas, we shall divide our God-given holdings, share and share alike:—we'll take the top and give Japan the bottom.

RACQUETEERS

RACQUETEERS

THE greatest romanticist of the age is that happy individual who is known to have been profuse in his offerings, diligent in the service of the court, and endowed with a manner that has spoken nothing but "love" for his fellows. Wrapped up in the charm of his work, he has come to be known as the racqueteer of the twentieth century. By the very force of his character, it has been said of him that he has often taken those who oppose him "for a ride."

His bullet-like thrusts seldom fail of their mark, while his initial shot most generally reaches home, hardly ever going astray or becoming nettled. He is, in the jargon of gangland, an ideal second-story man, having made a comprehensive survey of the loft, while his utter disregard for rules and regulations has branded him with a contempt of court.

As a token of his ability, and in appre-

ciation of the game which he has universalized, the racqueteer has fallen heir to the Davis pitcher, blessed with an awkward handle, and endowed by a squandering millionaire.

Tennis is that great American game of which France holds simple honors. The play is waged on common clay, even as you or I, and is scored in tones of affection. The referee, impartial to a marked degree, and smitten with the bug of reincarnation, conducts his lovely accounts from the altitude of a high chair, perilously placed along the side-lines. He sits as a judge and jury in the court that harbors the racqueteer. The players, gowned in loose fitting white apparel, form a splendid contrast to the ebon pitch of a starless night. Of course, it is not night, but the analogy is striking, nevertheless.

The contestants, we are told, are two gentlemen of some repute. To the right, stretching skyward toward a dizzy height, stands one, William T. Tilden, 2nd,*

who, in his quest to emulate John Barrymore, had understood that showmanship and acting were synonymous terms. Much to his regret, Big Bill had learned, after having reached as far as Hackensack, that he had been unable to book passage for Broadway from that point.

Pacing nervously on the left court is Jean Borotra,* whom France had sent by registered mail (return receipt requested), as a sequel to the good influence and impression which Lafayette had made several years previous to this. The Hearst cameraman, ever on the lookout for compromising situations, had evinced the idea of a friendly pose of both players before the match, so as to prove to the world at large that America and her sister republic were not contemplating such proceedings as would divorce them from the even tenor of their ways.

And now inspired by the plaudits of the crowd the Frenchman had unloosed a powerful drive, to which Tilden had countered in English with a verbal re-

tort, "Votre service est tres magnifique, monsieur," and Borotra, replying as politely as he was able, whispered, "je ne give a damn pas."

And thus, in this informal setting, have we painted the new influence which is now at the throttle of that great American pastime. Playing a winning hand at all times, France now bids fair to acquire all of the honors. We Americans, cherishing ulterior motives, are constantly finessing our plays, but the French, quite equal to the task, are, in addition to an acquisition of all of the tricks, showing us new ones. With cries of "low bridge" ringing in our ears, we are bending our heads and fighting doggedly, but the French have only retaliated with "high bridge," leading ace after ace.

The French invasion is indeed an untimely raid. Tilden, torn between the lure of the stage and the court, is doing well by neither. Francis Hunter, that printer from New Rochelle way, is quite the type to quell that French attack, but his is a

business (whichever way looked upon: racquet or racket) that must go to press, and therefore too much relief cannot be expected from that direction.

George Lott, one of the Baby Wampas stars of 1928, had had his plans rudely interrupted when the University of Chicago had requested his return to summer school, in order to retake two sets of examinations,—a deuce of a match. Vincent Richards, having taken on weight in the flush of an enforced lay-off, had outgrown his racquet, and had thus retired.

And in the path of all of these calamities and casualties has come the French invasion, co-starring Cochet, Brugnon, LaCoste and Borotra, in that splendid vehicle, "The Four Feathers,—France's 'Pillow' of Defense."

With this, the foreign tide coming to wreck the serenity of our racquetteering business which has held sway for so long a time, perhaps we in America, may yet live to see the day when other nations will

wrest that supremacy from out of our hands, a supremacy which has transformed Chicago into a bloody bulwark, and has unstintingly exploited the industry in New York. We refer to that reformation made possible by the racketeers.

THIS IS THE FOREST
PRIMEVAL—

THIS IS THE FOREST PRIMEVAL—

THE fire had simmered to a sparkling ember. The vibrant hush was intermittantly interrupted by the rustling of a leaf, maybe two leaves, depending of course on the volition of the wind. The grass had turned to a sickly green, and prospects of rain were nil. The river had tapered to a slender tributary, and appeared undernourished and lean because of the dearth. The leaves in most spots had become tinted with red, and had migrated from the trees, littering the ground in an unkempt splendor. It was autumn.

About this flickering camp-fire sat two mortals,—one a native, while the other had never deigned to apply for his naturalization papers. In a log cabin nearby, the women-folk had busied themselves while splitting a herring and rendering it delectable, for the foreigner had

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always gone in for sea food in a big
way.

Herbert Hoover * and Ramsay MacDonald were as happy as two little boy scouts while they squatted in the glow of the fire. There on the banks of the shallow Rapidan * had the headpiece of all the Britains exchanged his bag-pipe * for Herbie's corn-cob,* and the pact was sealed. Together they had smoked in silence, highly satisfied, in spite of the fact that there was nary a Chesterfield around. Out in the Rapidan woods had two nations solved a common affliction under that great big blanket, sometimes known as the sky.

Ram MacDonald,* being rather tight by lineal persuasion, had insisted upon an iron clad agreement, and Herb, having at some prior time played around with metals, in one form or other, had finally been won over to iron, too.

The mosquitoes, however, had become unbearable. Ishbel MacDonald,* a wee bit of the Scot's emulsion, had com-

plained of innumerable bites—a number too gross to tell, but which would have gladdened the heart of any fisherman. Mrs. Hoover had created a furore in her “shorts,” and, not wishing to allow an alien to see her in such a foreign attire, had insisted upon breaking camp immediately in spite of international problems, and as we had already said:—Mrs. Hoover wore the “shorts.”

In the wake of this family pressure, Herbert Hoover, torn between the bite of a mosquito and the sting of a woman's tongue, soon called a special meeting with Great Britain, and together they sat down along the river's edge with toes dangling in the water, preparatory to the termination of their verbose vacation, ere going into “good and welfare.”

And, as a huge red ball of flame was throwing the inert waters of the Rapidan into a dazzling myriad of red pigment, only to immerse itself in the cool river basin, and lose itself from sight, taking with it all of its gaudy colors, then did

the minds of two great powers move in silent accord, and ring out the following verdict:—

1. That the United States would extend to Great Britain all copyright privileges which she now holds on the lottery racket, a pastime which has met with national favor in this country.
2. That the Brooklyn Navy Yard * would not be demolished so long as England permitted her Scotland Yard to prosper. This "saving" clause was only worked out on the theory of "balance of powers."
3. That each and every boy scout in both countries could look with suppressed anticipation to the position of buck private in the regular army at some future date.
4. That, in view of commercial traffic possibilities, aerial avenues of ingress and egress had to be insured, and so the ether was divided in two,

and upon the toss of a coin, Herbie elected to give Ramsay the hot air.

5. That, in view of the fact that the question of naval disarmament was of the essence, it was resolved that the United States build another battleship, thereby catching up to Great Britain. This constructive measure was founded on the maxim, "waste not—want not."
6. That England would not destroy any of her land fortresses until we in this country had evolved some method of disarming Chicago and demobilizing her citizens.
7. That courtesies to Americans on and in British soil, and vice versa, was a proceeding that would be extended whenever possible.
8. In finitem—it was suggested that another war would not be advisable—for the present only.

And that, dear children, was the forest primeval: On the Banks of the Old Rapidan.

ADDENDA

ADDENDA

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